Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke (poore ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to woode:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweete youth and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remaine.

Theſ.

Theſ. I wonder if the L
Deme. No wonder, my
Aſſes do.

Ex

Wall. In this ſame Inter
That I, one *Flute* (by nam
And ſuch a wall, as I woul
That had in it a crannied
Through which the Loue
Did whiſper often, very ſ
This lome, this roughcaſt
That I am that ſame wall
And this the cranny is, rig
Through which the feare
Theſ. Would you deſi
Deme. It is the wittie
courſe, my Lord.
Theſ. Piramus drawes
Pir. O grim lookt nigh
O night, which euer art, w
O night, ô night, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promi
And thou ô wall, ô ſweet
That ſtands betweene her
Thou wall, ô wall, ô ſwe
Shew me thy chinke, to b
Thanks courteous wall.
But what ſee I? No *This*
O wicked wall, through v
Curſt be thy ſtones, for th
Theſ. The wall me-thi
gaine.
Pir. No in truth ſir, he
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to
Her through the wall. Yo